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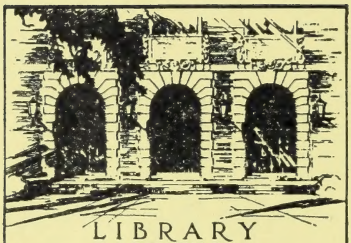
PLATES - PRICE 9

BY SAMUEL WELLER.

LONDON. E. GRATTAN 51 PATERNOSTER ROW. DEC.R 9 1837.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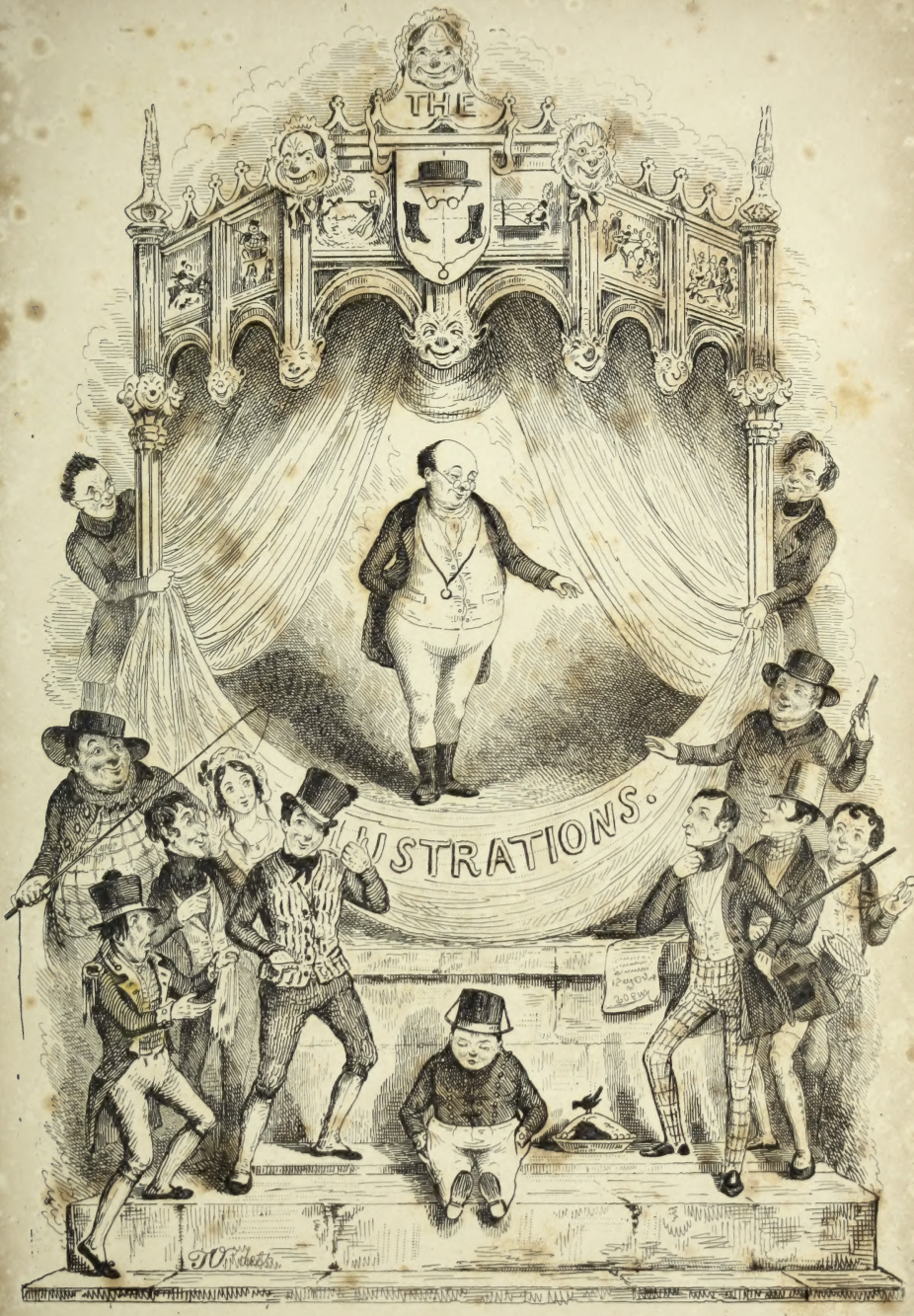

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row. Nov.r 30, 1837

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"He is a strolling actor," said the Lieutenant, contemptuously. "He acts in the piece that the Officers of the 52nd get up at the Rochester theatre to-morrow night. You cannot proceed in this affair, Slammer—impossible!" Page 33

London. E. Grattan, 51. Paternoster Row, May. 31. 1837.

"And when Mr. Winkle had done expressing his excessive indignation at witnessing this unprovoked assault, some person behind would knock his hat over his eyes, and beg the favour of his putting his head in his pocket."

Page 35

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row. June 30, 1837.

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"T'other side, Sir, if you please'"
"'Blowed if the Gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side'"
"whispered a grinning postboy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter."

Page 46

London: E. Grattan, 61 Paternoster Row. May 31 1837.

"One of the men suddenly seizing Mr Pickwick by the leg, at the imminent hazard of throwing him off his balance, brushed away at his boot, till his corns were red-hot."

Page 341

London. E. Chapman. 51, Fleet-street. Nov.r 30. 1837.

"Mr. Winkle instead of shooting at the Pigeon and Killing the Crow, shot at the Crow and wounded the Pigeon."

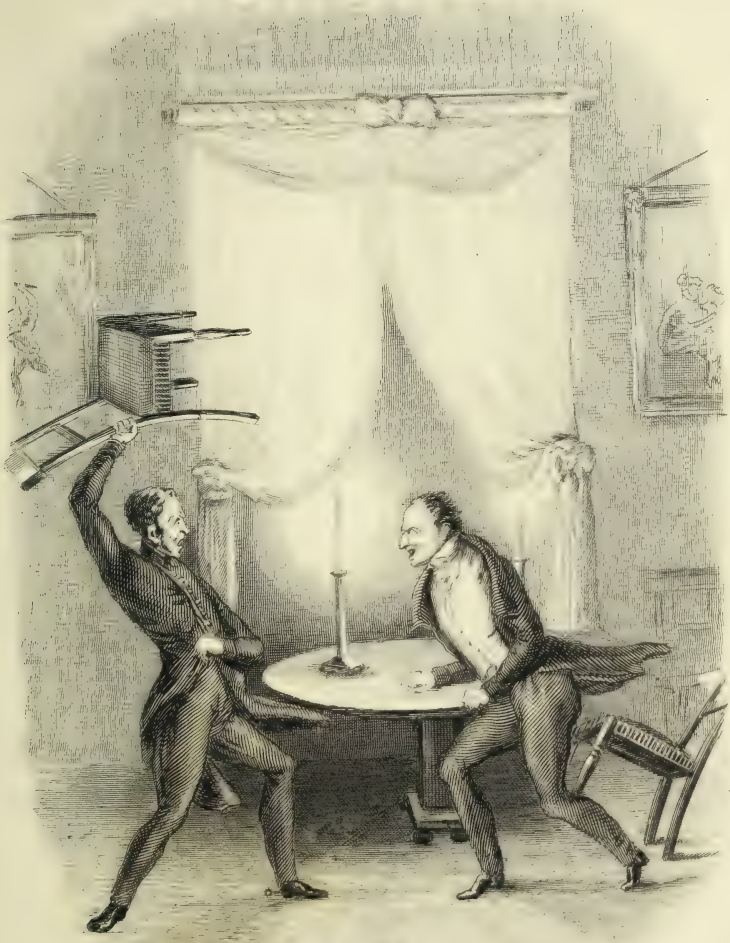
Page 64

London: E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row, May. 31. 1837

"Certainly, sir," replied Sam, who had answered Wardle's violent ringing of the bell with a degree of celerity, which must have appeared marvellous to any body who didn't know that his eye had been applied to the outside of the key-hole during the whole interview.

Page 9.

London: E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row. May 31, 1837.



"'Damn you,' said I, starting up, and rushing upon him; 'I killed her I am a Madman. Down with you, Blood, blood, I will have it.'

Page 111

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, June 30, 1837.

"'Well damn my straps and whiskers" says Tom "if this ain't pleasant, blow me."'

Page 137.

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, June, 30, 1837.

"'Tom', said the old gentleman, 'the widow's a fine woman remarkably fine woman – eh, Tom?'

Page 141

"Mr Pickwick stepped out of the closet, and found himself in the presence of the whole establishment of Westgate House." Page 771.

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Sept^r 30 1837.

"'Yes, I did, Mr Lobbs—I did come after your daughter I love her, Mr Lobbs.'"
"'Why, you snivelling, wry-faced little villian,' gasped old Lobbs, paralysed at the atrocious confession; what do you mean by that.' Say this to my face! Damme, I'll throttle you'"
Page 177

London: E Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, July, 31, 1837.

"'Where are they!' Tell me when to fire. Where are they – where are they!'"
"'Where are they!' said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. 'Where are they! Why, here they are!'"

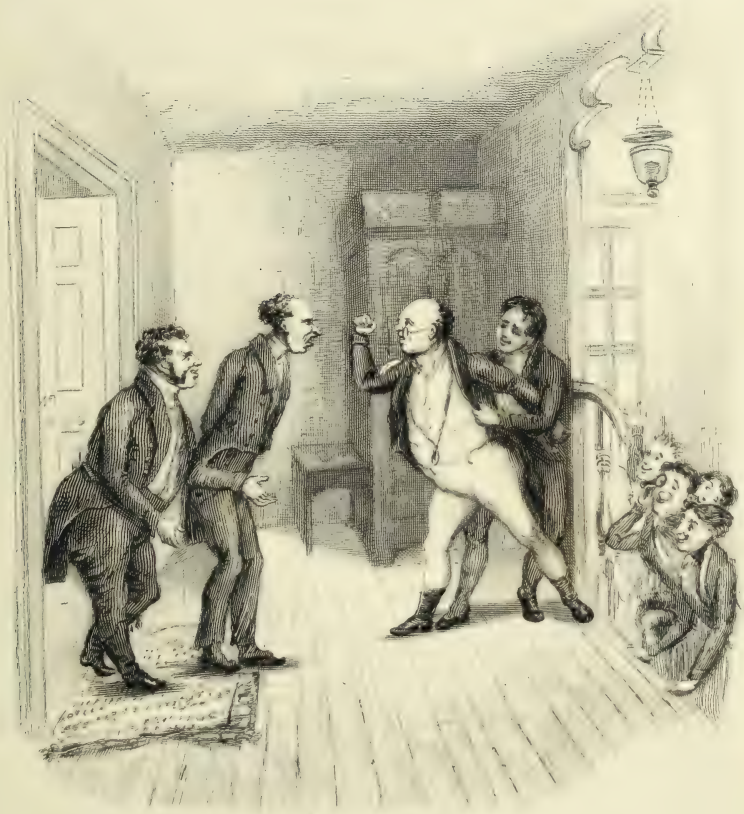
Page 190

London: J. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, July, 31, 1837

"Weal pie", said Mr Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and arter all though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference."

Page 183

London: E Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, July, 31, 1837.

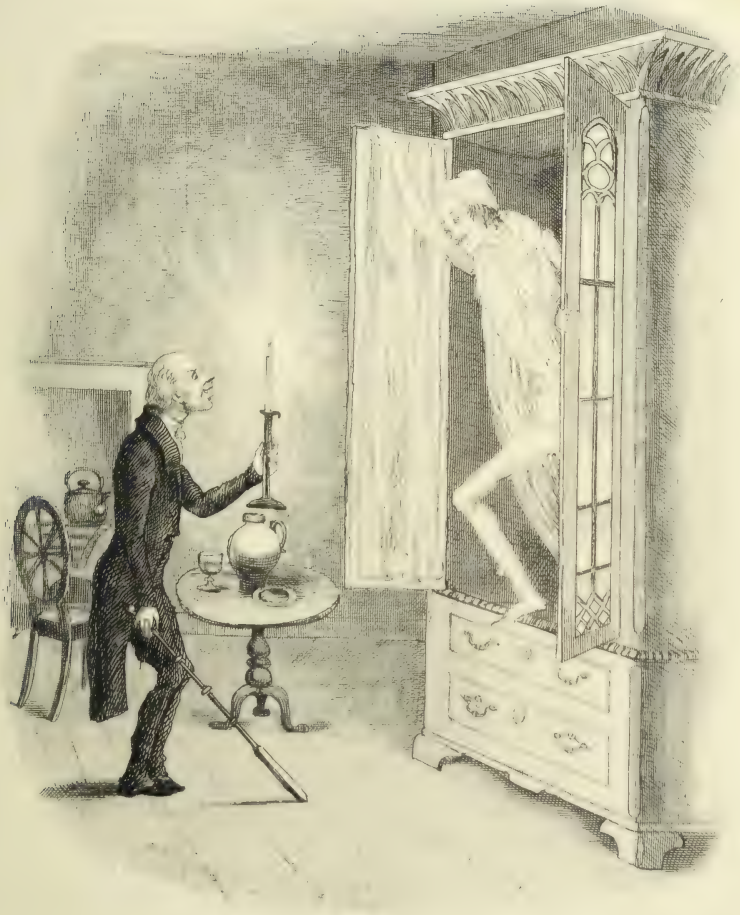


Sam. Weller. del.

Go on, Sir, said Mr. Fogg, do go on. You had better call us thieves, Sir; or perhaps you would like to assault one of us. Pray do it, Sir, if you would; we will not make the smallest resistance.
You just come away," said Mr. Weller. "Battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, when you an't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the Battledores, in vich case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant.

Page 203

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, July, 31, 1837



You are very right Sir," said the ghost politely,"it never struck me till now. I'll try change of air directly.

Page 214

London.E.Grattan 51 Paternoster Row. Aug 31. 1837

"'He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts o'names. So my blood being reglarly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off.'"

Page 225

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, August, 31, 1837.

"'Well, that's a blessin'," said Mr Weller. "Sammy, help your master up to the box: t'other leg, Sir, that's it; give us your hand, Sir. Up with you. You was a lighter weight when you was a boy, Sir." Page 227.

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Sept^r 30, 1837.

"'What prevents me," said Mr Nupkins, with magisterial dignity, as Job was brought in. "what prevents me from detaining these men as rogues and impostors? It is a foolish mercy. What prevents me?'" "'Pride, old fellow, pride," replied Jingle, quite at his ease. "Wouldn't do – no go – caught a captain, eh? – ha! ha! very good – husband for daughter – biter bit – make it public – not for worlds – look stupid very!'" Page 276.

London: E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row, July 31 1837

"And now" said the goblin king, "show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great store house." Page 103

London · E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row, Sept^r 30, 1837

"Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr Pickwick presided" Page 314.

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Sept^r 30. 1837

"Brother Tadger, Sir", said Mr. Stiggins, suddenly increasing in ferocity, and turning sharp round on the little man in the drab shorts. "you are drunk Sir." Page 357

London: E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row, Oct.r 26.1837

"'The fat old lady?' inquired Mr Pickwick, innocently.
"'Hush, my dear Sir – nobody's fat or old in Ba-ath. That's the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph

London: E. Grattan 51, Paternoster Row. Oct.r 31.1837

"Mr. Weller surveyed the attorney from head to foot with great admiration, and said emphatically,—"And what'll you take, Sir"

"'Why, really,' replied Mr. Pell "you're very— Upon my word and honour, I'm not in the habit of— It's so very early in the morning, that, actually, I am almost— Well, you may bring me three pennorth of rum, my dear'"

Page 468

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Oct.r 26 1837.

"He folded his hands, and murmuring something more they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile. They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. "He has got his discharge, by G——!" said the man. Page 1.

London: F.Grattan 51 Paternoster Row Nov.r 15 1837.

"He's not much used to ladies' society, and it makes him bashful. If you'll order the waiter to deliver him anything short, he won't drink it off at once, won't he? only try him."

London P. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row Oct.r 26.1837

"'Dear me', said Mr. Pickwick. 'Poor lady! gently Sam, gently.' 'Strange sitivation for one o' the family', observed Sam Weller, hoisting the aunt into a chair 'Now, depitty Sawbones, bring out the wollatilly.' Page 513

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Nov.r 15 1837.

Mr. Bob Sawyer, whose wit had lain dormant for some minutes, placed his hands upon his knees and made a face after the portraits of the late Mr. Grimaldi, as clown."

Page 140.

"There they both stood, gentlemen, jerking their arms and legs about in agony like the toy-shop figures that are moved by a piece of packthread"

"The mail, the mail!" cried the lady, running up to my uncle and throwing her beautiful arms round his neck; "we may yet escape."

Page 523

London, E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Nov.r 15, 1837.

Well, I'll bet you half a dozen of claret on it; come!" said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire—
This was addressed to a very smart young gentleman who wore his hat on his right whisker, and was lounging over the desk killing flies with a ruler.

Page 591

London: E. Grattan, 51, Paternoster Row, Nov^r 30, 1837.

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